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Pearl Freeman

Lady Mary Cambridge

Lady Mary Cambridge is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. Although only seventeen years of age, Lady Mary is a keen V.A.D. and for some time past has been doing Red Cross work at a convalescent home in Gloucestershire. She is an enthusiastic swimmer and an excellent horsewoman. The Marquess of Cambridge, who is one of Queen Mary's nephews, married in 1923 Dorothy Isabel Westenra Hastings, a granddaughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon. His only brother, Captain Lord Frederick Charles Cambridge of the Coldstream Guards was killed in action in 1940.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Wartime Elections

WHILE Britain, cradle of Democratic government, has chosen to extend the life of Parliament rather than plunge the country into the turmoil of a General Election during the emergency of war, two of the principal belligerent nations will be holding general elections this year—Japan and the United States. It seems a very short time since the excitement which surrounded the re-election of President Roosevelt for a third term at the White House. But under the American constitution one-third of the Senate, and all the House of Representatives, have to submit themselves to the electorate this year. That fact is necessarily very present in the mind of the United States Administration at the present time.

The population of America includes very large mixtures of races not yet fully assimilated into the life of the nation. There are, for example, three million Irish, more than three million Poles, about the same number of Scandinavians, nearly seven million Germans, and between four and five million Italians. There are approximately a million and a half Czechs, and two and a half million Russians. Many of these foreign elements still have strong affinities for the countries of their origin and they necessarily exercise a strong influence in the voting. This is one of the reasons why one finds the State Department, in an election year, anxious to avoid becoming identified with any foreign policy which might alienate any substantial body of the electors, or would give opportunity to the Opposition to work up a sharp controversy against the Government. Mr. Cordell Hull and his first lieutenant, Mr. Sumner Welles,

are both shrewd politicians. For that reason I cannot see the American Government taking any new or very positive line with regard to the political aspects of purely European affairs during the next few months.

General Tojo's Appeal

IN Japan General Tojo is appealing for the support of the electors next Thursday. Out of Japan's total population of more than seventy millions, only some fifteen million of the males will be entitled to vote. General Tojo, though holding office as the representative of the army, has shown himself anxious to obtain the support of the Diet rather than to eliminate it or reduce its functions. He called a special session of the Diet last November which gave him what amounted to a mandate to go to war if Japan could not get all she wanted out of the Washington negotiations. Tojo informed the assembled members that the army and the navy were fully prepared for any contingency which might arise. He boasted of the harmony existing between the Government and the High Command, and between the services themselves. He stressed the desire of the Government to act in full co-operation with the people in the common life and death struggle.

In point of fact it is evident that Tojo is not satisfied with the present House of Representatives because it contains a number of oppositional elements. General Ando, Vice-President of the official Party, declared in a broadcast the other day that the aim of the election would be "the complete extermination from Japanese political life of liberalism, individualism and other political doctrines originating from Anglo-American sources."

The existing Diet was elected in 1937 on party tickets with the two big traditional parties, the Saiyukai and the Minseito. But under pressure of the totalitarian drive in 1940 these parties dissolved themselves and have since had only a shadow existence. Actually the old party ties remain to a considerable extent in the absence of any really strong political organisation to replace them. Prince Konoye's attempt to create a national party has not been altogether successful, but it is this body which has virtually dictated the list of candidates for whom the electors will have to vote. In other words it is intended that the new Diet should be the willing tool of Tojo's war government.

Russia's Polish Army

BACK from his trip to the United States, followed by a short holiday in Scotland, General Sikorski, the Polish Premier, will be having important discussions with General Anders, who has been forming the new Polish divisions in Russia. The Poles, liberated by Russia since the Soviets found themselves at war with the Germans, have already raised an army out there of not less than 100,000 men. They will be a substantial reinforcement of the Allied position in the Middle East, and if Germany attempts a new drive towards the Caucasus and the Persian oil-fields, she will find herself opposed by armies which will certainly include a high proportion of the Fighting Poles.

General Sikorski's visit to the United States seems to have been a success from his point of view, and I have no doubt that he took the opportunity to talk to President Roosevelt about Poland's future role in Europe. Pre-war Poland, with its narrow corridor to the Baltic, had a great mass of Germans inclosed in its very heart by the existence of East Prussia. Hitler has already set an example in Europe for the transfer of populations where they have been most inconvenient or stood in the way of his plans. Many people think that in the new Europe after the war the Germans should be eliminated from East Prussia, and all that territory which for so long was a part of Poland should again be brought under the rule of Warsaw.

In the course of his speeches in the United States General Sikorski took up a defensive position against planning now the future frontiers of the world. The consolidation of peace in a new world structure could be undertaken, in his view, only after the victory of the United Nations. General Sikorski has taken his stand firmly on the broad principles of the Atlantic Charter, and according to the *New York Times* he left Washington fully assured that President Roosevelt will not commit himself in advance to any territorial settlement.

Laval Gets the Job

BY a series of skilful blackmailing operations Laval has once again seized power in Vichy and has paid off an old score against Pétain. Writing in these notes last week, I gave a little insight into the way Pétain double-crossed Laval in order to get rid of him in the earlier days of the Vichy Government. Now, as the instrument of Germany, and with dire threats as to the fate which would befall Unoccupied France in the absence of wholehearted collaboration with the conqueror, Laval returns and with one swift blow disposes of Darlan and Pucheu, who had been vying with one another for Hitler's good graces.

Laval, before all else, is anti-Russian. I well remember the difficulty which the French General Staff experienced in persuading him—he was Foreign Minister at the time—to conclude the Franco-Russian treaty of



Three Men of the Moment At Downing Street

Mr. R. G. Casey, former Australian Minister in Washington, now replacing Mr. Oliver Lyttelton as Minister of State in the Middle East, had a talk with the Prime Minister at Downing Street, soon after his arrival in London. With them is Sir Kingsley Wood, who has since presented his latest War Budget, the third since he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1940. Both visitors looked cheerful when Mr. Churchill saw them off at the door.



A Meeting of Coastal Command Chiefs

Air Officers Commanding Coastal Command Groups met recently at their Headquarters, to confer with Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte. In the group are: Air Vice-Marshal B. B. A. Baker, Air Commodore W. H. Primrose, Air Vice-Marshal J. M. Robb, Air Vice-Marshal A. Durston, Air Commodore S. P. Simpson, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bromet, Air Commodore I. T. Lloyd, and Air Commodore H. G. Smart



The New Chief of Combined Operations

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was recently appointed Chief of Combined Operations, now holds the acting rank of vice admiral, and the honorary ranks of lieutenant-general and air marshal. In this picture he is seen with the Combined Operations chiefs at their Headquarters. They are: Group Captain A. H. Willetts, Rear-Admiral H. E. Horan, Major-General J. C. Haydon, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Air Vice-Marshal J. M. Robb, Brigadier G. E. Wildmann-Lushington and Commodore R. M. Ellis

mutual assistance some years before the war. Next to his hatred for Russia comes his hatred and contempt for Britain. Laval long since made up his mind that Britain and France would be no match for Germany and consequently France must look for her future to collaboration with what he expected to be the dominating power in Europe.

The new head of the Government will certainly go to the limit in seeking to help Germany to victory. He hopes in the process to gain for France the position of Axis power number two in Europe, replacing Italy. The success of failure will be governed largely by the spirit of France and the French people. Laval is no popular hero, while there is abundant evidence to show that ninety-five per cent of the French people are looking to General de Gaulle and to the British and American armies and air forces to save them and to give back to them a place of honour and dignity in the world.

Activity in North Africa

As a first result of the changes at Vichy I shall not be surprised to see Admiral Boisson, Vichy's resident naval officer at Dakar, appointed to the post vacated not long ago by General Weygand. Boisson is a good collaborator, and such restraints on Hitler's wishes as Weygand was able to exert from time to time will now disappear. It is probably significant that General Faupel has recently turned up in Dakar. He is Hitler's chief adviser on Spain and Latin America, and a close friend of General Franco. Faupel is the chief exponent of the theory that an attack on South America could well be launched from Spain and North Africa. Faupel has established his headquarters in French Morocco, and seen to it that most of the key positions there are filled by members of the Spanish Falangist Party. But he maintains close touch with von Stohrer, the German Ambassador in Madrid, who in his turn sees a good deal of General Franco and his brother-in-law, Serrano Suner, head of the Falange. Von Stohrer, who specialises in espionage and fifth column work, has as his chief adviser on North African affairs one Hans Heberlein, who played the leading part in arranging Franco's seizure of formerly internationalised Tangier, where he installed his friend Nohring to take over the Mendub's Palace as the German Consulate. Other important Nazis are posted throughout the Spanish islands and in North Africa, and include such men as Auer, who is established in Casablanca and specialises on Arab questions, and Major Weber, one of the German General Staff's experts on military engineering who is at Agadir.

Production for War

SINCE his return from the Middle East, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton has been about the busiest man in the British Government. After an initial attack of influenza, which put him out of action for a fortnight, Mr. Lyttelton had to prepare his own scheme for reorganising the whole system of Britain's war production. To draft such a scheme, and to get the necessary machinery running to put it into execution, was in itself a full-time job. But hardly had Mr. Lyttelton embarked on his task, when Mr. Harry Hopkins, head of the American Munitions Assignment Board, arrived in London with General Marshall, Chief of the American General Staff, for intensive discussions on co-ordination of British and American war production and the strategy which must

determine who is to make what and where it is to be sent. It was perhaps best that Mr. Lyttelton should not tie himself down to any fixed plans until he had had an opportunity for working out a close agreement with the United States, but the work involved must have been fierce. On top of these vast twin problems came the arrival from Washington of Mr. Richard Casey, the Australian who is to be War Cabinet Representative in the Middle East. Mr. Casey naturally wanted to know the lines on which Mr. Lyttelton had set up his office and organised his duties in Cairo. Probably he also wanted to talk about the despatch of British and American supplies and munitions to the Middle East. So one way and another I think it is evident that Mr. Lyttelton has been a very busy man. Fortunately he is strong and not given to worrying, so I have no doubt he was able to take it.



For Daring and Resolution

Lieutenant Commander E. C. Coates, D.S.C., R.N., was awarded the D.S.O. for daring and resolution in daylight attacks on the German battle-cruisers, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and the cruiser Prinz Eugen. He received both D.S.C. and D.S.O. from the King recently, and is here with his son and daughter who hold the medals



A Handshake For The Winners

Lieutenant-General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant General to the Forces, shook hands with the Scottish Rugby team who beat England at Wembley by 8 points to 5, with an audience of 20,000 spectators. The match was a return one to that played at Inverleith some weeks ago, when Scotland won by 21 points to 6

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Why Not "Ballerina?"

DEAR MR. AGATE,
I am filled with a longing to compile a list of film stars in parts I'd like to see them in:

1. Herbert Marshall as Tyl Eulenspiegel.
2. Dorothy Lamour as Sarah Bernhardt.
3. Tyrone Power as Hamlet to Harpo Marx's Ophelia.
4. Carmen Miranda as Alice in Rumbaland.
5. Fred Astaire in Joyce's *Ulysses*.
6. Jeanette MacDonald as Madame Ranevsky in an all-musical Tchegov movie called *The Merry Orchard*.
7. Robert Taylor in a cinema biography of a king called *Behold His Bed, Which is Solomon's*, and directed by Cecil B. DeMille with plenty of spikenard, myrrh, gold, doves, grapes, lilies, pomegranates and roses of Sharon. And, I suggest, Paulette Goddard as the Queen of Sheba.

Yours, etc.,
PATRICK WILLIAM ROWE.

SOME twelve years ago Lady Eleanor Smith made her first assault upon letters, through the medium of a gossip column. But gossips are born, not made, and this gossip's mind was elsewhere. Early in 1930 appeared *Red Wagon*, which did for circus life in words what the canvases of Dame Laura Knight were



Babes on Broadway (Empire)

Co-teamed in "Babes on Broadway," directed by Busby Berkeley, are those grand youngsters, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. As Tommy Williams, Mickey is one of a song and dance trio trying to get a job on Broadway. As Penny Morris, Judy is also waiting her stage "break." Penny joins the trio and together they decide to give a "benefit" for the Settlement Home Orphans. This gives Mickey and Judy their opportunity to exhibit their varied talents. Above is Judy as Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," to the right Mickey as—can you guess?—yes, it's Carmen Miranda. The dialogue is excellent, and the whole thing bubbles over with youthful vitality. If you want to pack up your troubles for a while you'll find this dandy escapist fare

doing in paint. The critics were unanimous in praise of this, her first novel. A year later came *Flamenco*, about which an influential critic wrote: "It pulsates with passion. It arouses emotions of pity and terror, and solves them in a burst of lyrical beauty." A volume of short stories in the following year was something of a disappointment. And then she wrote *Ballerina*.

Ballerina told the story of Paulina Varley, daughter of a pantomime dame and a ballet dancer. A horrid, stout-drinking, gin-breathing harridan being imposed upon Paulina as step-mother, she ran away with the seedy, black-haired juggler, Nurdo.

After the juggler came Rosing, the great dancer, whose day was over and who saw in the circus waif a successor to Taglioni and Elssler. Rosing married Paulina, who just let herself be married, and put her through that arduous apprenticeship which the art of the ballerina exacts. Then Rosing died, and Varsovina—for the little cockney Jewess had become Russian—was a world star. But world stars attract satellites, and the book was largely their story.

Every work of art has a total gesture, and that of *Ballerina* was the evanescence of all things human. Varsovina had the world and its lovers at her feet. She went on from triumph to triumph, reached the acme of being, and then began that losing battle against failing powers, younger rivals, and a public which, in the nature of things is fickle.

The chief point in Lady Eleanor's novel was Varsovina's hatred of her son, her later love affairs forbidden by discipline for her art's sake at their proper time, and her tragic death in a filthy, fifth-rate, South American town.

So far so good. Now comes the film which Hollywood has had the grace to admit is merely "based" on Lady Eleanor's original story, the point of which was the role played

by art in any great dancer's life. Rubbish, thinks Hollywood, with an eye to the hicks and hayseeds of the Middle West, the mannequins and manicurists of Muswell Hill, and the factory hands of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In the cinema, argues Hollywood, it is a dancer's love affairs which matter. Whereby the plot must be vulgarised in accordance with the new title, *The Men in Her Life* (Leicester Square). And changed it is with a vengeance.

LINA Varsovina, which is the character's new name, is so much overcome by the death of Rosing that she marries Mr. Gibson, an American shipping magnate by whom she has a little girl upon whom she dotes passionately. Don't bother to tell me that this is quite another story from Paulina's unpleasant hunch-back son whom in the novel she hated.

Lina's bargain with Mr. Gibson is that she shall give up dancing. Which is all very well until she falls in love with an English aristocrat, after whom she has long hankered, and who is quite willing to halve his estates with her and let her retain the whole of the stage. What girl could resist? Lina doesn't, and the divorce proceedings are well on the way when Mr. Gibson puts his American foot down with the demand for custody of the child.

Now it is to be argued that the little daughter of a famous ballerina, even if she has to be carted about from one capital to another, enjoys a more enviable fate than that of being dumped down on Fifth Avenue with a governess. But Mr. Gibson rules otherwise, and it seems that Lina must choose. Whereupon the baby and her father sail for New York, and Lina tells the coachman to whip up the horses as she will be late for the show at Covent Garden. In exactly what part of the West End Hollywood imagines London's docks to be situated we are not told! Anyhow, the whipped-up horses take fright, the young aristocrat is killed, Lina is left alone with her fame and some ten or eleven years drearily pass.

The problem is now how to re-unite Lina, the child and Mr. Gibson. And perhaps it is not very much of a problem. Lina stages a come-back in New York and persuades Mr. Gibson to bring the child to see it. Whereupon this by now thirteen-year-old innocent is overcome with rapture, and perhaps I need not continue. We leave Lina giving little Rose her first dancing lesson, and assuring her that a dancer's life is entirely made up of self-denial and gymnastics.

WHAT tawdry rubbish, the reader may exclaim. Nothing of the sort. The setting of the piece in the extremely decorative fifties and sixties, the charming music, the workmanlike dancing—by the way the ballet called *The White Rose* seemed an extraordinary mixture of Nijinsky's *Spectre de la Rose* and Pavlova's *Dying Swan*—and above all the graceful and intelligent acting of Loretta Young, turn the whole thing into a charming affair of Victorian sentiment. I can think of at least a dozen film stars who with their common voices and shop-girl manners would have made this picture wholly unbearable. But Loretta is that rare thing on the films, an actress whose voice and poise suggest that quality of mind which always accompanies the great artist, with the exception, of course, of coloratura sopranos.

She is brilliantly supported, Conrad Veidt giving a superb performance as Rosing, Dean Jagger excellent as the husband, and Ann Todd remarkably good as the child. At the performance I attended there was hardly a male person to be seen in the audience, which was just as well; one does not at this time want to see our stalwarts unmanned. As for the women, bless them, they were to be seen in serried rows holding their pocket handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes.



Two Dramatic Films

The Foreman Who Went to France and the
Ladies Who Went into Retirement

"Ladies in
Retirement"

The retired actress and
her companion (Isobel
Elsom and Ida Lupino)

Jock is killed by a German
dive bomber (Clifford Evans,
Tommy Trinder, Constance
Cummings and Gordon Jackson)

Fred meets Anne Stanford, an
American secretary, at the
French factory where the ma-
chines are installed. From the
first she proves a staunch ally
against fifth columnists. She
accompanies Fred, the two
British Tommies and the strange
collection of refugee children
picked up en route in their
journey across France to the coast

Above, right: Ellen and her nefarious re-
lative (Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward)

Fred and Anne pit their wits against those of the French mayor
(Clifford Evans, Constance Cummings and Robert Morley)

The Foreman Went to France, directed by Charles Frond, tells the story of a British workman, Fred (Clifford Evans), who, on his own initiative, goes to France to secure the safety of three secret machines lent to the French Government. Although the film is fiction, it is based by J. B. Priestley on the adventures of an actual foreman, Melbourne Johns—to whom the picture is dedicated—and it has all the poignant urgency of the real thing. With the help of two British tommies, Fred is able to commandeer an Army lorry and seize the machines. His journey through France in the nightmare days of June, 1940, has all the authentic details of roads blocked solid with pitiful hordes of refugees, of enemy planes machine gunning defenceless women and children, of fifth columnists disguised as British Army officers and finally of the skipper of a French fishing vessel, who, at great personal risk, safely delivers the precious cargo to Britain.

Ladies in Retirement, directed by Charles Vidor, is the screen version of the play by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham in which Mary Clare scored such a personal triumph at the St. James's Theatre in the winter of 1939-1940. Ida Lupino plays Ellen Creed, companion to that merry spinster, Leonora Fiske (Isobel Elsom). It is Ellen's two dotty sisters, Louisa and Emily (Edith Barrett and Elsa Lanchester), who, all unconsciously, are responsible for the crime around which the plot revolves. Ellen is passionately devoted to her two sisters. With the object of providing a home for them she finally murders her mistress and stows away the body in the old Dutch oven. All might have gone well had it not been for Albert Feathers (Louis Hayward), who fleeing the police, is interested in the possibilities of the oven as a hide-out. It is with the capture of Albert and the surrender of Ellen to the police that the play ends.

Ellen's two sisters, Louisa and Emily
(Edith Barrett and Elsa Lanchester)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Why Not Tonight (Ambassadors)

GOOD farce, like good wine, needs no bush. It is to indifferent comedy rather what vintage burgundy is to dubious bordeaux—especially if, expecting the one, you are fobbed off with the other. One of the virtues of farce is that the characters do not expect to be taken too seriously. They are licensed clowns, and are out, not to edify, but to amuse. The manners and customs of good society do not restrain them. Ridicule is their métier.

These simple truisms are prompted by a certain reserve I felt towards the connubial quartet assembled by Mr. Stafford Dickens at the Ambassadors Theatre, and led by Mr. Tom Walls. Mr. Walls is a farcical actor of the first laughter. His name on a playbill or a programme raises expectations and evokes memories. It recalls the vintage years (1925-1928) of farce at the Aldwych, which were among the fruitiest of our time. It recalls that triple alliance between himself, Ralph Lynn and Mary Brough which, aided and abetted by Ben Travers, kept us laughing, year in, year out, with zest.

Who could forget the Walls succession of bloodshot, seamy-sided viveurs, those Sir Hector Benbows, M.F.H., with their smouldering eyes, shameless lubricity and disreputable finesse, whose urban relaxation was "oozing down Bond Street" between getting out of one lot of scandalous hot water into another? Or their twittering, reluctant confederates in absurdity supplied by Mr. Lynn. Or those ripe harridans with blazing blue eyes, the four-square valour of professional police-dispersers, and the hop of outraged robins, which were Miss Brough's unique prerogative. With the departure of these redoubtable farceurs from the Aldwych, much of the glory of contemporary farce went too.

Mr. Stafford Dickens describes his play as a comedy. It is the presence of Mr. Walls

in its cast that evoked these regretful recollections. The foursome he leads have pretensions to ordinary humanity. Their manners and surroundings are not implausible. They live, move, and have their being on terra firma, and do not openly defy the conventions of middling society.

SUSAN and Stephen, like Helen and Maxwell, are happily married. Their contentment with one another is that of congenial opposites. Susan is a bit of a précieuse; Stephen is an amiable, unblushing hedonist. Their characteristics and contentment, with roles reversed, are paralleled by Helen and Maxwell. Helen is frank and free, Maxwell highfalutin. He is one of those popular novelists accredited by playwrights with plumbing the heights and depths of feminine psychology, and knowing all about it. His taste in painting runs to surrealism, whereas Stephen's is soundly traditional.

At the rise of the curtain these two marriages are perfect, and remain so until they decide to pool domestic resources and share the same house. A week of domestic propinquity, and the exigences of a not unfamiliar plot, suffice to cast on each couple the arbitrary spell which causes otherwise prudent citizens to defy convention and their better judgment, and behave with farcical freedom.

Susan finds in Maxwell her irresistible affinity; Helen responds to Stephen as oil to fire. They agree, therefore, to exchange their lawful spouses for each other's. True, this re-grouping, made in haste, is repented of at leisure; and the status quo ante is re-established before we leave them. But the interim is not without its *longueurs*.

THE perfect butler's reaction to these sham manoeuvres coincided with our own. We were not very continuously amused. The



Stephen Ridgeway, a prosperous biscuit manufacturer finds the frank and free Helen Maxwell a delightful companion (Tom Walls and Enid Stamp Taylor)

dialogue is seldom convulsive. Persiflage, rather than wit, evokes the titter due to so-so comedy more often than the full-throated response to farce. And much as we enjoyed the hoarse geniality and raffish ease of Mr. Walls, we regretted the comparatively poor opportunities for their exercise.

The play, acceptably staged, is heartily acted. The two wives have the benefit of the good looks and comedic graces of Miss Betty Stockfield and Miss Enid Stamp Taylor. Mr. Dickens carries off both authorships, the dramatic and the fictitious, and does justice to the vaporous novelist. Mr. Walls does nothing to traduce Aldwych memories. His attack is as frank, his sense of fun as insinuating as ever, his eye no less cunningly cocked. The prosperous biscuit manufacturer he impersonates is of the Benbow breed, but his lines are cast in less fruitful places. There remains Mr. James Harcourt's butler, and that, of course, is perfect.



Stoker, the perfect butler, and a comic at the same time, has very definite ideas on straying couples (James Harcourt)



Stephen Ridgeway is doomed to spend a night on the sofa. His discomfort is appreciated by Maxwell Maxwell (Tom Walls and Stafford Dickens)



Helen's husband proves sympathetic to Susan's poetic recitations of Keats (Betty Stockfield and Stafford Dickens)

Stage and Screen Personalities in Different Theatres



Getting the Laughs in "Fine and Dandy"

Three popular people to be seen in London soon are Douglas Byng, Leslie Henson and Stanley Holloway, who are now playing to Manchester audiences in Firth Shephard's new revue "Fine and Dandy." Leslie Henson and Stanley Holloway were previously together in "Up and Doing," which had such a successful run at the Saville Theatre. In "Humpty Dumpty," Douglas Byng was one of the most lavishly-dressed dames in this year's pantomimes. "Fine and Dandy" comes to the Saville on April 30th



Dancer's Wedding in Chelsea

Frank Staff and Elizabeth Schooling, leading ballet dancers in "Tales of Hoffmann," at the Strand Theatre, were married a short time ago at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. Frank Staff, besides being the choreographer, takes the part of Paris in the ballet "Judgement of Paris," and Elizabeth Schooling takes that of Minerva



Film Stars Give Blood for Hospitals

Both Tallulah Bankhead and Boris Karloff are amongst those of the film colony who have given their blood to the American Theatre Wing War Service. Tallulah Bankhead started her film career in 1928. Her latest stage appearance was in New York as Regina Giddens in Lillian Hellman's "Little Foxes," the part portrayed by Bette Davis in the film version recently seen in this country. Boris Karloff is British by birth and was educated at Uppingham. He will long be remembered as "Frankenstein" and "The Son of Frankenstein"





Married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Sub-Lieut. Godfrey Woodbine Parish, R.N.V.R., Fleet Air Arm, youngest son of Mr. C. Woodbine Parish, of Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Parish, was married recently to Miss Ann Mason, daughter of Colonel the Hon. G. K. M. Mason, D.S.O. and Bar, and Mrs. Mason. Colonel Mason is a director of the Midland Bank and of the Guardian Assurance Company



Royal Military Chapel Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kitson were photographed leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their recent wedding. Mr. Kitson, Grenadier Guards, is the elder son of Captain J. B. Kitson, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Kitson. His bride, formerly Miss Evangela Del Sandys, is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, North Lancashire. Her brother, Captain M. E. M. Sandys, who was best man, is also in the Grenadiers

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Film Fans at Denham

THE King and Queen took Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret with them on their recent tour of Denham Studios, where Noel Coward's new film, *In Which We Serve*, is being made. It was the Princesses' first visit to a film studio, and they were thrilled by all they saw. Fortunately, the King's cousin, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, was able to take a short time off from his new and very highly responsible duties to show them round, and was able to answer most of their questions.

A King Calls for His Laundry

KING HAAKON of Norway is surely the only reigning King who regularly collects his own letters—and sometimes even his own laundry. This is because the King's actual address is kept a complete secret, and all his correspondence—which is voluminous, and includes scores of letters from loyalists smuggled out of Norway—is addressed to him at Buckingham Palace, where he calls twice a week to pick it up. King Haakon has always lived very democratically, and in his temporary exile in London he is as accessible to his subjects as he was in Oslo, and many of the Norwegians who have found themselves entirely without funds after escaping to this country have reason to be grateful to their King. He privately believes, and does not hesitate to declare his belief in conversation, what all of us would like to think is true—that the war in Europe will not last quite so long as most of us think.

Spring Holidays

THE Duchess of Marlborough had exchanged her Red Cross uniform for a fine mink coat and a smart little dark-brown hat when I saw her at the Dorchester the other day. She had some of her young family with her on holidays bent. There was the now quite tall Marquess of Blandford, who will soon be as imposing in height as his parents, if he goes on growing at this rate, and they are both six-footers—or very nearly. Lady Rosemary Churchill, the youngest girl of the family, was with them. The Dorchester is almost a home from home for the Duchess, for she stayed there when her latest addition, another son, was born not so long ago, and was dining in the restaurant almost up to the last minute. Lady George Cholmondeley was also in the hall that same day, and she, too, makes this hotel her home. She has been writing some rather charming little verses, which so far have only been seen and read by her friends.

Unexpected Inheritance

LORD AND LADY CROFT are spending the middle of the week in their London house in Cadogan Gardens now, although its top floors were practically burned out during one of the blitzes. Lord Croft is wondering whether he will be able to live in Croft Castle after the war, for inheriting it was quite unexpected. It was the greatest possible surprise to find, on the sudden death of his cousin Sir James Croft, that the lovely castle in Herefordshire had been left to him. The castle is pure Norman, and possesses four towers, one at each corner of the house, and has its own little church only twenty yards from the front door! There are views over four counties, and historic associations, too, one of which is that Owen Glendower is said to have married a Miss Croft and lived there in the long ago.

Around Mayfair

I RAN into that smart and chic American, Mrs. Drexel Biddle, coming out of the Ritz, which she and her husband have made their headquarters since he took up his post as U.S.A. Ambassador to the Allied Governments here. Mrs. Biddle was going off to one of her thirteen broadcasts to the United States and the South American circuit, on the subject of the "Women of England." She was here during all the blitzes, and has the kindest things to say about Londoners and others in those trying periods. Air raids, however, have no terrors for her, as she was in Poland during the worst that the Huns could do there.

Home from Cairo

ALSO seen in London recently was Lady Moira Lyttelton, the graceful and elegant wife of our new Minister of Production, Captain Oliver Lyttelton (see page 111). Her son Anthony and daughter Rosemary were with her. Anthony works at the Foreign Office, though he is only twenty-two. His sister is studying at Oxford. Lady Moira told me she was very glad to get home, as her journey from Cairo by air was very tiring. She has since been staying in the country with her brother, the Duke of Leeds.

Up and About Again

THAT wonderful hostess, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, has recovered sufficiently after a bad bout of illness again, to go down to her country place, celebrated Polesden Lacey (where the King and Queen went for their honeymoon), to spend Easter there. She is returning to

Birthday Party at the Lansdowne

Lieut. Malcolm McKenzie, R.N.V.R., celebrated his birthday with a family party. Guests were Lady Gloria Fisher, Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Captain Nigel Fisher, Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie and Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P. Mrs. Shakespeare, who was formerly the wife of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, R.N., is the mother of Captain Nigel Fisher and of Mrs. McKenzie. Lady Gloria Fisher is the daughter of the Earl of Lisburne

Swatze





Christening of Colonel and Mrs. P. S. Macpherson's Son at the Old Rectory, Sandford, in Buckinghamshire

Two of the guests at the christening of Ewen Cameron Stewart Macpherson were the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge and her husband. Mrs. Peter Runge is one of Lord Strathcarron's two sisters and married Mr. Peter Runge in 1935. They have two children, Anthony and Julia

Mr. James Cameron Smail proudly showed his three-months-old grandson to Valerie and Patrick Maxwell. Mrs. Maxwell, only daughter of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain and of Lady Chamberlain, is on the right. Mrs. Macpherson, the baby's mother, is in the centre

Three guests in uniform were Miss Diana Portman, Mr. Cameron Smail, R.E., and Miss Anna Foster. Unfortunately, the baby's father, Colonel P. S. Macpherson, son of Sir Stewart and Lady Macpherson of Newtonmore, was not present, as he is serving with his regiment in the East. He has not yet seen his baby son

Mr. and Mrs. Denys Lowson came over from their country home, Deepwood House, Farnham Royal, for the christening. Mrs. Lowson is Mrs. Runge's sister. She married Mr. Denys Lowson, a Sheriff of the City of London, in 1936, and they have two daughters, Gay and Melanie

London, however, very soon, as she loves to be in the centre of things, and to see friends daily, who tell her all the latest news.

Reception

THE Belgian Prime Minister, M. Pierlot, was the guest of honour at the latest Overseas House Allied Officers' party. The guests were received by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., chairman of the Welcome Committee, and by Lady Lucas, who everyone was glad to see so recovered from her recent illness.

The usual mass of Allied officers and ministers were there, and among British notabilities were Lord Snell, who takes a great interest in Allied merchant seamen, Lord Strabolgi and Lord Winstar. Lord Winstar was until recently Commander Fletcher, M.P., Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Then there were Lady Willingdon, who has been acting as chairman of the club since the death of her husband last year, Lord Munster and Lord Denham, who is very important in the Home Guard world, as is Sir Thomas Moore, M.P., who was there with his charming wife.

More There

PEOPLE were excited to see Wing Commander Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., who was "F for Freddie" in *Target for To-night*.

Also Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, Admiral Sir George and Lady Dickens, Mr. Beverley

Baxter, M.P., Air Marshal Peck, Group Captain Sir Louis Greig, who brought his son and attractive daughter; and a large number of Members of Parliament and representatives of the Services. The British Council, too, was represented.

Weddings

ALL sorts of people have been getting married—Captain A. F. Buchan to Miss Hope Gilmour, of Ottawa; Captain Eric Cooper-Key to Miss Prudence Matthews; Mr. Robert Kitson to Miss Evangela Sandys; and Sir John Worsley-Taylor to Miss Anne Paget.

The first wedding was in Oxfordshire, and very informal (see page 107). The bridegroom is the younger son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, and the reception was at Lady Tweedsmuir's house, Elsfield Manor. Among the guests were Major Lord Tweedsmuir and his sister, Mrs. Brian Fairfax-Lucy (who acted as ushers), Captain Fairfax-Lucy, Mrs. William Buchan, the Archduke Robert of Austria, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Mrs. David Fisher-Rowe, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Gault—their home is in Somerset, and one of his claims to fame is having raised Princess Patricia's Light Infantry—and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. John Gilmour. The other members of her family are in Canada, and sent a lovely wedding-cake, complete with icing, for the occasion.

Captain Cooper-Key and Miss Matthews were

married at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the youngest of Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews', of Aston Hall, Yorkshire, tall and attractive daughters. Her mother is an American, and her father a Sheffield magnate.

Sir John Worsley-Taylor is in the Scots Guards, and married Miss Anne Paget in the Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks (see page 106); Mr. Kitson is in the Grenadier Guards, and his marriage to Miss Sandys was also at the Military Chapel.

Pictures

THE Tate Gallery's wartime acquisitions are almost a gallery in themselves—and only some of them are on view at the National Gallery. Besides purchases, many have been bequeathed—most of the Sickerts by Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck; one by Sir Hugh Walpole. The Blakes are presented by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, except "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," bequeathed by Miss Alice Carthew. General Sir Ian Hamilton has presented portraits of himself and Lady Hamilton by Sargent, and most of the Johns are bequeathed by Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck.

Farmer King

RAYMOND LOVELL, the actor-producer who brought the long banned play, *Maternity*, to London in 1936, was having a drink in the bar at 55, Park Lane, where actors, journalists, diplomats and the rest gather together.

(Concluded on page 120)

Captain and Mrs. Tom Hussey's Young Party at the Meurice

Lieut. Roger Keyes, R.N., Mrs. Tom Hussey, Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, Captain Hussey and Lady Errington were photographed at supper. Lieut. Roger Keyes is the younger brother of the late Lieut. Col. Geoffrey Keyes, twenty-four-year-old son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, who lost his life on the last day of 1941 leading one of the most daring of the Commando raids in the Middle East

Others at the party were Mr. David Hussey, Miss Celia Keyes, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth and Miss Hermione Hussey. Mr. Vere Harmsworth is Lord Rothermere's only son and heir. He is Lady Errington's brother. She was Esme Harmsworth and married Lord Cromer's only son, who is in the Grenadiers, in January this year

Swache



Town Wedding



Sir John Godfrey Worsley-Taylor and his bride, Miss Anne Paget, left the church to the strains of the pipes, played by a piper of the bridegroom's regiment, the Scots Guards



Miss D. Stirling and Mr. David Lloyd Thomas were at the wedding. He is the son of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, a former Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris



Swabe

The wedding reception was held at Claridges, where Lord Cecil Manners, great-uncle of the Duke of Rutland, is seen with one of the guests. He gave the bride away

The wedding took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on April 11th, of Sir John Godfrey Worsley-Taylor, Bt., and Miss Anne Paget, only daughter of the late Captain J. Otho Paget, and Mrs. Paget, of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray. Lord Cecil Manners gave the bride away, and her matron-of-honour was Lady Newtown-Butler; the best man was Mr. F. Waldron, who, like the bridegroom, is in the Scots Guards. After the ceremony there was a reception at Claridges



Swabe

Synolda, Lady Walker, and her American daughter-in-law were together at the Worsley-Taylor-Paget wedding. They are the mother and wife of Sir James Heron Maxwell, Bt.



On the left are the bride and bridegroom and Mr. F. Waldron, the best man, and Lady Newtown-Butler, wife of Lord Lanesborough's heir, who was matron-of-honour, with other fellow-officers of the bridegroom

Country Wedding



Lady Tweedsmuir wore a fur coat at her son's wedding at Elsfield Church, near Oxford



Mrs. Michael Asquith, who was formerly Miss Diana Batty, wore no coat and a straw hat



Lord Tweedsmuir and the Hon. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy are brother and sister of the bridegroom



Miss Gilmour wore white lace and satin at her wedding, and carried a bouquet of hyacinths



Swaebe

Another wedding on April 11th was that of Captain the Hon. Alastair Francis Buchan and Miss Hope Gilmour, at Elsfield Church, Oxford. He is the youngest son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir and of Lady Tweedsmuir, and his bride is the daughter of the late Mr. David Gordon Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Ottawa. Her brother, Mr. John Gilmour, gave her away, and Mr. Charles Ritchie was best man. The bridegroom is in the Canadian Army

The Hon. Mrs. William Buchan arrived complete with luggage for her brother-in-law's marriage at Oxford

Below are the best man, Mr. Charles Ritchie, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, and Mrs. Massey, and Mr. John Gilmour, the bride's brother. Mr. Ritchie is the High Commissioner's secretary



Bride, Bridegroom and Guests left the Church on Foot

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PRACTICALLY dead, this year's Royal Academy Hanging Committee looked to us from the photographs, slumped in the usual despairing semi-circle. It may have been only a trance.

When the Academy was founded (1768) their task was a honey, there being very few people addicted to painting, and then, as now, no such thing as British Art, as Whistler later explained ("you might as well talk of British Mathematics"). They sat round and chatted, we guess, and the great and charming Reynolds took snuff and joked and shifted his ear-trumpet, and a few classical subjects were held up and one or two accepted, and then they all went happily to dinner and Nollekens R.A. stole the nutmegs round the punch-bowl, as was his frugal custom. Towards 1 a.m. Reynolds showed them the diamond-studded gold snuff-box he had just had from Catherine the Great for his lectures on Art (well worth reading, incidentally) and the Hanging Committee staggered out whooping to find a hackney-coach. Nowadays the boys are perpetually dead sober and have a white, strained half-mad expression due to staring continuously at 564 studies of Kynance Cove and Carbis Bay (sunset) and 4987 studies of Cornish and Breton fishing-boats, Highland cattle in snow, fruit, fish, purple aldermen, tomato-faced brasshats, eggfaced debs, and horsefaced dowagers. One of their chief persecutors seems to be a chap

who has been boasting in the Sunday papers that his work has been refused by the Academy 98 times. In Reynolds's time they'd have had him slugged one dark night by a professional from Hockley-in-the-Hole.

For other "disastrous effects of Art upon the middle classes" see Whistler's *Ten O'Clock*.

Rubberpan

TIGERISH grimacing and yelling of hate-formulas by their instructors now goad and inspire troops engaged in assault-courses at every Battle Drill school, one gathers; showing how far we have travelled in the direction of zing and pep already since those amiable days, not so long ago, when to a certain extent

... chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign, And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

This psychological angle isn't new, of course; we've recalled once before that fearful Scottish Major, the bayonet expert, who toured "rest" billets in the last war, prancing and thrusting and howling and grimacing and terrifying everybody. That expert ploughed a lonely furrow, in our experience, and many battalion commanders did not consider him a gentleman. Making vivacious faces is not an Island accomplishment, outside the theatre world, and it was pathetic in those days to see some



"For consistently good work, Ferguson, you are to be made up to a full oak"

round-faced, ruddy, kindly Hampshire or Dorset rustic trying to imitate the Boy Thunderbolt, the Human Gargoyle. To-day, apparently, making faces is part of the normal training, and post-war Britain ought to benefit enormously by exchanging the old wooden dead-pans for rubber ones.

Afterthought

CRICKET will benefit especially. We can see the post-war Lord's crowd, its mobile features dramatically registering every swift emotion, ecstasy, fear, pain, bliss, rage, despair, like a Sicilian riot, and the Sacred Pitch itself looking like a monkeyhouse as the heroes jabber and gesticulate, or, like Garrick, galvanise the mob with a single grimace. Maybe aged scientists spurred by envy will lean out of the Athenæum windows and make hideous faces at good women as they pass. The Committee's problem will be to weed out the ones who appear to be making an effort.

Bond

IT'S quite all right with us that the French and the Scots have loved each other (and hated the common enemy) like brothers since Charlemagne, and it's all right with us that a leg of mutton in Lowland Scotland should still be a gigot, a cup a tassie, a cupboard an aumrie (*armoire*), a dish an astret (*assiette*), a *hachis* a haggis, and Scottish cakes very elegant and Frenchified indeed. But when an enthusiast for the Auld Alliance claimed the other day that for centuries Scotland got "fine French wines" from her old buddy we raised a polite eyebrow, knowing both parties more or less.

Dr. Johnson had this very question out with Boswell in the Hebrides:

BOSWELL. "We had wine before the Union."—JOHNSON. "No, Sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk."—BOSWELL. "I assure you, Sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness."—JOHNSON. "No, Sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

Hoots, bing, and socko.

The truth probably is that as there was never much money to spend in Scotland the Scots got the kind of wines the equally thrifty French considered they ought to have at the price. In other words, strictly business, and not to be connected with fraternal feats in arms against the English

(Concluded on page 110)



"Do you mind George III. guineas?"



Lenarc

Miss Malise Joy Wilson

A marriage of this week is that of Miss Malise Joy Wilson and Major Archibald William Anthony Smith, at Stamford, in Essex. Miss Wilson is the elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. Guy Wilson, of Tixover Grange, Stamford, and she is a cousin of Lord Nunburnholme. Her father was M.P. for Hull for eleven years, and Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1910. Major Archibald Smith, who is in the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Smith, of Market Overton, Rutland



Lenarc

Lady Mary Greaves

Lady Mary Greaves is the youngest daughter of the late Major Owain Greaves, and of the Countess of Dysart, of Stobo Castle, Peeblesshire. She is engaged and will shortly be married to Captain Bernard A. Blanger, Free French Air Force

To Be Married



Lenarc

Miss Elizabeth Makeig-Jones

Miss Elizabeth Alison Makeig-Jones, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Makeig-Jones, of Southerton House, near Ottery St. Mary, announced her engagement in January to Major the Hon. Charles John Lyttelton, R.A. He is the only son of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire. They are to be married at St. Saviour's, Chelsea, on April 30th



Harlip

Mrs. M. R. North

Mrs. North, widow of Lieut. M. R. North, R.N., is to marry Lieut. David Godfrey-Faussett, D.S.C., R.N., younger son of Captain Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, G.C.V.O., R.N., and Lady Godfrey-Faussett. Mrs. North was formerly Miss Joan Valerie Combe, and is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Combe



Lenarc

Miss Philippa Gaisford

An April engagement is that of Captain Terence Glancy, 19th Lancers, Indian Army, to Miss Philippa Gaisford, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Gaisford, of The Residency, Kolhapur. Captain Glancy is the only son of H.E. Sir Bertrand Glancy, Governor of the Punjab, and Lady Glancy

Standing By ...

(Continued)

under St. Joan, or the *Garde Ecossaise*, the *Royal-Ecossais* and other gallant regiments in exile, or a Franco-Scottish royal marriage or two, or Ronsard's poems to Mary of Scots, or James II.'s tomb in Paris, or any sentiment or flaffa whatsoever.

Meditation

No joke in the Old Cheerweerie or National Comic; as yet, about the obvious advantages of a Scots alliance with the Free French. (*Free*—get it? My dear, I shall *die*.)

Gaffe

To refer to "a breeder named Miura," as Auntie *Times's* Madrid Correspondent did in a recent news item about a bullfight incident, is like referring to "a rowing

enthusiast named Phelps," or "an athlete named Grace," or "a politician named Churchill."

Don Eduardo Miura, for many years Spain's most eminent breeder of fighting bulls, the cream of taurine ferocity, is such a national figure that the news that two out of six of his bulls—always specified in star matadors' contracts—were rejected by the vet. before the Easter corrida at Madrid can only be compared to the news that Bp. Jardine had appeared in a Test match in spangled tights and a billycock hat, if you can visualise such a fearful thing. Auntie's boy's little *gaffe* is not of worldshaking importance, but it seems to us sweetly of a piece with that traditional dumbo attitude towards Spain which enabled the Fleet Street boys not long ago to label a solid three-quarters of the Spanish nation "insurgents," which the Spaniards do not forget. Reading and travel are a corrective of most misconceptions, but the boys are unfortunately always too busy for either, they tell us.

Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"When Irish eyes is smilin', it don't blinkin' well mean as everyone else's is, do it, Mate?" (Sentiment endorsed, but censored)



"... owing to a technical itch over which we have no control"

Bridge

NEW Waterloo Bridge, to be opened in a few months, is a somewhat austere confection, but, according to a news-hound who has just been inspecting it, strong. Its famous predecessor by Rennie lived only a hundred years, unlike Old London Bridge a monument of medieval inefficiency, as a smart engineer recently remarked, which lasted six centuries.

The foul slovenly hugger-mugger of the Surrey Side would kill the beauty of any fine bridge on earth, so it's just as well London bridge-builders wisely aim at utility instead. If you can imagine anything flung across the Thames remotely resembling the Pont-Royal at Paris, or the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or Brooklyn Bridge, or that lovely medieval bridge at Pulborough, Sussex, still by a miracle existent and unharmed—well, you can't. Old Battersea Bridge seems to have been the last attempt to put anything æsthetic over London River. The engineering boys then called it a day, and who shall blame them? The Surrey Side would dishearten an Eskimo.

It was incidentally from Westminster Bridge, not Waterloo Bridge (as a chap falsely hinted last week), that Wordsworth took his well-known dirty crack at the Race: "Dear God! The very houses seem asleep!" Like King George V.'s cry "Wake up, England!" this had instant effect, causing the Race to turn over on its other side, mumbling.

Reaction

A CRITIC's recent remark on the monstrous regiment of booky girls who brazenly exploit their own erotic and other adventures will doubtless remind poetry-lovers of Olivia's pathetic little song in *The Vicar of Wakefield*:

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And finds her hopes have been mistook,
She rings her publisher, by golly,
And writes another stinking book.

Don't look round yet, but one of these sweethearts just passed us, flying her own broomstick. D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Captain the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C.

Minister of Production

In February this year it was announced that Captain Oliver Lyttelton was to take his place in the War Cabinet as Minister of State exercising general supervision over the whole field of war production. This appointment meant that Captain Lyttelton would take over the responsibilities and duties of the new office of Minister of Production to which Lord Beaverbrook had been nominated two weeks earlier. Captain Lyttelton was at that time on his way home from the Middle East, where he had been Resident Minister at Cairo representing the War Cabinet since the previous July. Before going to Cairo, Captain Lyttelton was President of the Board of Trade. Oliver Lyttelton was born in 1893, son of the late Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the famous cricketer, and Dame Edith Lyttelton, G.B.E. During the last war he served with the Grenadier Guards and was continuously on active service from 1915 to 1918. He was mentioned in despatches three times and awarded the D.S.O. and M.C. Since November 1940 he has represented the Aldershot Division of Hampshire in the House of Commons. In 1920 he married Lady Moira Osborne, fourth daughter of the tenth Duke of Leeds, and has four children, three sons, Antony, Julian and Nicolas, and one daughter, Rosemary.



*Photograph by
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

"Why Not To-night?"

Tom Walls and Enid Stamp-Taylor
in a Marriage Mix-up



Stephen Ridgeway (Tom Walls), biscuit-maker and shrewd man of business, explains to gay, easy-going Helen Maxwell (Enid Stamp-Taylor) a scheme he has devised to sell his "Russet Rusks" with the aid of thousands of little toy dogs. Helen is interested, and finds Ridgeway a more amusing companion than her vaporous author-husband



Susan Ridgeway (Betty Stockfield), who regards her husband as her social and mental inferior, tries to induce in him an appreciation of Keats, before the arrival of Mr. Maxwell Maxwell and his wife, who are to share their house



These old pyjamas have associations of ten years' standing for Stephen Ridgeway, and "I'm damned if I'm going to stand by and see another man let them down" is what he tells his wife, who has taken a fancy to the pseudo-intellectual Maxwell Maxwell



at the Ridgeways' house on foot after having been chucked
car by his wife, Maxwell Maxwell (Stafford Dickens)
feet attended to by Stoker (James Harcourt), the
perfect butler, while Mrs. Ridgeway offers sympathy



A few days of sharing a home results in the re-
sorting of the two married couples. Stephen
Ridgeway is caught in the arms of Mrs. Maxwell
by Stoker, who tactfully announces dinner



Helen Maxwell (Enid Stamp-Taylor), retiring
from a scene of domestic upheaval, points an
accusing finger and announces, "Shan't be long.
Don't start another fight while I'm gone"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Ridgeways and Maxwells, having agreed to separate, continue living in the
same house, and Ridgeway has to make do with a sofa, on which he stubs his
toe while getting in. "Why Not To-night?" was written by Stafford Dickens,
who plays Maxwell Maxwell in the play, and produced by Tom Walls



The divided couples are reunited with the help of the crafty
Stoker, who summons back Ridgeway and Mrs. Maxwell, who
have left together. In the end Maxwell Maxwell, near to
collapse, is led away by his wife, and peace is restored





The Home Guard at Rough Stuff

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Inspired by a newspaper paragraph about the Home Guard learning Commando methods, our artist has let himself go on the subject of close combat as it might be practised by the defenders of our shores. The chosen scene for this fantasy is Torbay, looking across to Berry Head and Brixham. The Torquay Home Guard are seen in action, using those rough and rude battle tactics on the "invaders" which recognise no dividing-line above or below the belt



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mr. Jordan Explains the Art of Pruning

Gardening Interlude

New Zealand's High Commissioner
and His Wife at Home

Born at Ramsgate, Kent, Mr. William Joseph Jordan migrated to New Zealand at the age of twenty-five to take up farming, after working for the London Postal Service, and serving for a short time in the Metropolitan Police. In 1907 he became the first secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, and their president in 1932. In the last war he was wounded while serving in France with the New Zealand forces. For four years M.P. for Manukau, he was later chairman of the Imperial Economic Committee, and was elected President of the League of Nations in 1938. Mr. Jordan became High Commissioner for New Zealand in 1936, and both he and his wife work very hard for the welfare of the New Zealand forces over here. New Zealand pilots have won a high reputation in the R.A.F., and New Zealanders serving in H.M.S. Achilles showed of what stuff they are made in the Battle of the River Plate; while their troops on land have distinguished themselves in Libya, in Greece, and, above all, in Cr te under General Freyberg. In the economic field New Zealand is taking her full share. Mr. Jordan has one son, in the New Zealand Air Force, and one daughter



In the Garden of Their Wimbledon Home



Mrs. A. H. Watt, wife of Major Huby Watt, led in her horse, Submarine, after winning the new perpetual Challenge Cup at Phoenix Park. Willie O'Grady both trained and rode the winner, and Mr. J. J. Parkinson's Tom Mix was second



Mr. J. V. Rank, who presented the Challenge Cup, and Lord Bicester were at the opening meeting, when close finishes were a feature of the day's racing. Lord Bicester, whose home in Oxfordshire is Tusmore Park, Bicester, has been Lord Lieutenant of the County of Oxfordshire since 1934

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Third Miracle

ANYONE who has ever encountered the Indian "political" could have told those who have not that, if they believed that the handing over of the direction of the defence of the Great Peninsula to the unwarlike would give us even one more rifle, they had another guess coming to them. This contest can now be well described as the War of Three Miracles. The other two were: (1) Germany's attack on Russia; (2) Japan's attack on the U.S.A.

Eccentric v. Concentric

THE diligent student of the art and science of war—and who, in these exciting days, can afford not to be a student?—must be intrigued by the very striking examples of the two main forms of attack which are presented to us for inspection. The eccentric must depend for its ultimate and complete success upon an absolute and permanent command of the communications, no partial and temporary command being of any use; the concentric is the classic form, according to Cocker (Edward the Arithmetician: temp. Charles II.); and I suggest it would not be putting it too high to say that its principles, in strong contrast to the other form, are eternal. The generalissimo, who has mounted this present eccentric attack, must have been fully convinced in his own mind that he could retain permanent command of his lines of reinforcement and supply, and he must also have convinced himself that he had left nothing dangerous behind the back-door. His present command is in the main fortuitous. If he were not sure, then he must be on the wrong side of the walls of the Japanese equivalent of our Colney Hatch. I suggest that the Melancholy Jaques should take a long view other than that presented by the reflection of his rueful countenance in the looking-glass. We need not say anything about the eccentric defence, because that is a thing which is forced, and never voluntary. It is equally awkward.

Carry on, Sergeant-Major

AND thanks to the good response to an appeal for £20,000, the Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s of our Services will be able to carry on in the re-established Chevrons Club, at 22-24, Pont Street, the new quarters which were opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, on

December 12th last. This Club gives to members just that little bit more which is wanted by anyone who is on leave, and badly needs that relaxation which he never finds when serving with his unit, no matter how good a station he may be in. The Chevrons Club is not new: it is just a resurrection, and it is something far better than a glorified sergeants' mess in a regiment. Since the opening, the Club has proved to be so popular that a house adjoining has had to be acquired, and every member, so I am told, is very emphatic in its praise. Although the response for the £20,000 has been satisfactory, City firms and Government Departments having played up most nobly, there is still room for your bit and mine. The organiser is Miss Helen Bywater: address as given above—so how about it?

Lord Ellenborough's Course

IN a recent note upon the racing amenities of old Calcutta, now threatened by something which will make a far bigger noise than any Jabberjee or any Mahatma, I had to fade out before mentioning Calcutta's other racecourse—the one named after the Lord Ellenborough who was Governor-General from 1841 to 1844.

It was a very good place for training operations, and at one time was in actual use as a racecourse. In any case, even after it had been given up for that purpose, it provided some very good gallops, and naturally was super-excellent for slow work. And now all this may be bombed. But I think that this will be the only really profitable line of attack, because, from the seaward, Calcutta has a first-class rampart in that muddy old river, the Hooghly, whose soundings would puzzle even the most expert Jap. It was because of this fact that that fine body, the Bengal Pilot Service, was brought into existence. To say any more might give away information which might be of use to the unspeakable and bloody-minded Butcher Boys.

Hungary and the Hun

IT was hardly necessary, in the case of a good many of us, for Count Charles Lonyay, Chairman of the Free Hungarians, to tell us about the exact amount of love lost between his countrymen and the Germans, or that, but for the infamous regime of the Admiral Horthy, who has been a quisling since 1920, Hungary would never have linked arms with the Hun. Count

The First Meeting of the Season at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Mrs. Robert Hennessy was at the races with Captain F. French Davis, a very well-known figure in Irish racing circles, and a prominent Irish owner

The Hon. Patience French was with her brother, Lord de Freyne, at Phoenix Park. He is fifteen, and succeeded his father as seventh Baron in 1935

Captain John Kennedy, Irish Guards, was accompanied by Miss Deirdre Shepherd and Mrs. Reggie Stern. They are the daughters of the late Mr. J. S. Shepherd, who was for many years Master of the Duhallow Hounds, and Mrs. Stern is a well-known point-to-point rider

Pool, Dublin



Lonyay could have said the same thing for the Austrians, who have always hated the Germans, and had a great and abiding contempt for their organ-grinding allies. I feel sure that anyone who has ever met any of the subjects of the old Dual Monarchy, before it became impregnated with the German virus, will back up Count Lonyay's statement. Count Charles Kinsky, who won the Grand National on his own mare, Zoedone, in 1883, was always spoken of as an Austrian, but I believe, speaking under correction, that the family is Hungarian. At one time I know that they owned property in that sporting region of Pardubice, formerly Pardubitz, about sixty miles east of Prague, and the place where, in happier days, they ran the Grand Steeplechase of Pardubice. This race was instituted in 1874, and it was the stiffest course in all Europe: distance, 4 miles, over 29 fences, only three of which were jumped twice. I do not remember whether Charles Kinsky ever rode the winner of this contest, but I am almost sure that he did.

The Beau Ideal of a G.R.

WHEN Zoedone won the Grand National in 1883, I saw her do it, and my very youthful admiration for the beautiful horseman who rode her was terrifically fired, and I then and there made up my mind to be as like him as I could! Some years later I had the great privilege of being introduced to Charles Kinsky by Lord Bill Beresford, for whom he rode a winner in a Hunters' Flat Race in Calcutta, wearing that famous Eton-blue jacket and black cap. Naturally, the hero-worshipping youth was almost overwhelmed. I think Kinsky had an even prettier seat on a horse than Bill Beresford, and that is saying a mouthful, and both of them had those beautiful hands which almost inevitably go with it. Conversely, the cove with a strong, vulgar seat has hands made to match. About ten years after this event I met a cousin of Zoedone's pilot, Count Ernst Kinsky, who came out to India globe-trotting, and stayed in Calcutta with his cousin, the Countess von Rottauscher, wife of the Austrian Vice-Consul. Ernst Kinsky was not a bit like his famous cousin. He was much taller, had a very neat, pointed beard, and wore glasses. He was a chamberlain at the Court of Franz Josef, and when he arrived in India he could hardly speak a word of English: before he left, about three months later, he spoke it far more fluently than I could his language. He was no friend of the Germans, and always hotly resented being mistaken for one, which he was by some people, to whom anyone speaking German must, ipso facto, be a German. We became great friends, only partly because I had known "Zoedone" Kinsky, and he said that, if ever



Officers of a R.A.S.C. Coy., Somewhere in England

Front row: Capt. J. M. Crickmay, R.A.S.C., Major R. H. Smith, R.A.S.C., a Colonel, Major R. Gray, R.A.S.C., a Major-General, the Commanding Officer, Capt. H. J. T. Walker, R.A.S.C. Back row: Capt. W. F. O'Connell, R.A.M.C. (M.O.), Capt. A. S. Highley, R.A.S.C., Lieut. H. Spring, R.A.S.C., 2nd Lieut. E. G. Handley, R.A.S.C., Capt. M. J. Baker, R.A.S.C., 2nd Lieut. H. S. Thomas, R.A.S.C., Sub. E. B. Hazelrigg, A.T.S., Capt. M. R. Soames, R.A.S.C.

I managed to go home via Trieste in the winter, he would meet me there and take me to that sporting paradise, Pardubice, where he said I could hunt four days a week at least, and kill a horse a day if I liked. I used to hear from him many times after he left India, and then things snapped when war came, and I fancy that he must since have died. Both he and his famous cousin were thundering good chaps, with absolutely charming manners.

Co-ordination

IT may sound almost impious in some ears to draw a comparison between organising a plan of attack in a polo match and a combined operation by that hard-hitting force which has come to be called a Commando, but it is a very exact one, nevertheless. Anyone who saw the Royal Naval team in the Inter-Regimental of 1936, I think, will agree with me. The same fine brain was behind that operation as was behind Vaagso, Brunevald and St. Nazaire; likewise the same courage that brought H.M.S. Kelly out of action when she was practically cut in half by a torpedo, did the same thing with H.M.S. Javelin, and finally kept every gun firing till the gallant Kelly turned turtle and sank in that fierce fight off Crete. Acting Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten has succeeded another polo-playing and hard-fighting sailor, Sir Roger Keyes, and the flaming torch could not have been handed on to a better

carrier. All three operations so far undertaken have gone with clockwork precision. They are only preliminary canterers. The goals which are to come will also go plumb between the posts.

An Antidote for Brown-Off

THIS is meant as a tip for the many who are pent up in the German prisoners-of-war camps, who, in spite of all the kindly efforts of those who supply them with comforts, are just stiff with ennui. It is an easy game, requiring no other paraphernalia than some pencils, bits of paper and a watch. The competitors are given five minutes to write down the names of celebrities in history, song, story or fable, which begin with any letter of the alphabet they may care to select. For instance, if it is A, you can start with Adam, Absalom, Agag, Abelard, or Archer, and end up with Ananias or Adolf; or if it is B, with Barnum, Bartimæus or Ben (Lyon understood); and carry on through all the letters down to Z. It is a good mental exercise, and there is a rule that anyone putting down a "celeb" with a "purser's" name may be called upon to identify his candidate.

Parlour tricks I expect have been quite exhausted, but if not, here is one which takes a bit of doing: you start lying flat on your back on the floor, and you are required to get into a chair and sit in it without putting a foot to the ground. Solution in confidence upon application to U/S!

Wanderers v. Combined Hospitals: A Rugger Match at Rosslyn Park

The Wanderers, a newly-formed Rugger club for men in the Forces, who play their matches on Sundays, recently beat a strong Combined Hospital XV. In the picture are (standing) A. Ravenor (referee), J. W. Bacon (Rifle Brigade), F. G. Burtleston (N.Z.R.A.F.), F. S. Hayhoe (Cambridge University and Rosslyn Park), Trevor Simmonds (Met. Police), N. Heppenstall (Met. Police), J. Moffat (Bart's), F. Wood (groundsman, Rosslyn Park). Sitting: Sergt. C. L. Sandercock (N.Z.R.A.F.), Eric Grant (N.Z.R.A.F.), T. L. Blomfield (N.Z.R.A.F.), N. A. Steel (captain; Rosslyn Park), K. H. Chapman (Harlequins and Rosslyn Park), W. B. Alexander (Middlesex Hospital), G. Montgomery

The Combined Hospitals XV. were beaten at Rosslyn Park, Richmond, by the Wanderers by 3 points to 13. Above (standing) George Winston (Hon. Fixture Secretary, Guy's), R. J. Alcock (Bart's), W. H. Lillywhite (Guy's), G. B. Barnes (London), A. B. Lee (Guy's), J. Swanson (Middlesex), H. M. Robinson (Middlesex). Sitting: J. R. C. Mattheus (Guy's), R. F. Camp (Guy's), J. P. Stephen (Bart's), J. Breen-Turner (captain; Guy's), J. W. Twining (St. Mary's), I. P. Skempton (St. Mary's), E. R. Jordan (Middlesex). On ground: C. S. M. Stephen (Bart's), N. O. Bennett (St. Mary's)

D. R. Stuart

CRICKET PAVILION - MEN ONLY.



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Raphaelite Brotherhood

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE TRAGEDY," by William Gaunt (Jonathan Cape; 10s. 6d.) is the story of an idea—the pre-Raphaelite idea—and of the painters and writers animated by it. These Englishmen, whose names remain known to us now that the force of their movement has subsided, were Victorians only in time; by nature they were innate anti-Victorians. They felt, and expressed in art, a vigorous opposition to the accepted ideas of their own day. As artists, they were at once explorers and rebels. As isolated individuals, in the stuffy mid-nineteenth century, these young men might have suffered more and accomplished less. But, happily—or up to a point happily—like gravitated to like. For at least a short time, union was to be strength.

The friendship between Holman Hunt, austere young art student, and Millais, the golden-haired prodigy who was already the Royal Academy's pet, opened in 1843. To these two, now burning with an idealistic fervour, was, in 1847, added Rossetti—whom Hunt had sighted among the wilder spirits at the Academy school. Rossetti was a London Italian, whose eminent father had had to fly from Italy because of his liberal politics. John Millais was the son of a Jersey family who, settled in Gower Street, lived for their son's promise and welcomed all friends of his. Hunt's home was in Cheapside: here he had to put up with his "Puritan father's gloomy dislike for art." Hunt, in fact, of the three, was the most in need of release: though the puritanical strain was to show in his nature later, he was fascinated by Rossetti—with his Southern good looks, his rhetoric and his poetry—and adored the sweet-natured and gifted Millais.

These three young men were the nucleus of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, founded—with a curious blend of nostalgia, piety and high spirits—in 1848. Four other members were William Michael Rossetti (Dante Gabriel's younger brother), James Collinson, Frederick George Stephens, Thomas Woolner. They were seven in all.

The Brotherhood had as friends and unofficial associates Ford Madox Brown (in whose studio Hunt had worked), Walter Deverell, Arthur Hughes, and Charles Alston Collins (brother of Wilkie Collins).

The Test of Time

THE members and friends of the Brotherhood, already enthusiasts, fired each other to further enthusiasm. At the start, they were happy in being artists who spoke one another's tongue amongst Philistines. Talk crystallising their ideas, the aims of the Brotherhood were set out and its vows (virtually) taken. The members became the declared enemies of the lifeless conventions, the pompous academicism that stifled contemporary art. They planned to revive, through art, a purer and younger

world. They plotted against materialism in every form. Spiritual exaltation and a nebulous desire for social reform stirred them.

The young men might have called themselves knights of Art, out to rescue daily life from the monsters, out to cut beauty free of her chains. They certainly did not fall in with our own later-day idea of the aesthete; they were (with the exception of Rossetti) naively priggish and had rather hearty tastes.

Ideally, each man—be he poet, painter or sculptor—was to throw in everything that he had. As a fact, the movement quite soon disintegrated from the pull of too many different temperaments. As the young men aged, they grew apart. And worse, they were each to see the others' perversions of the idea they had all set up. Hence the title Mr. Gaunt has given his book—there was tragedy inherent in all this.

The *Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy*, first of all, is a study of the man-to-man relationships that underlay a movement in art. Mr. Gaunt's analysis of the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine, and of the movement's place in æsthetic history, is excellent. But inevitably the movement created drama—so Mr. Gaunt gives the human drama first place. It is as personalities rather than as artists that Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, and their two later adherents, Burne-Jones and William Morris, seem likely to be remembered. These were free-lance characters, who had burst from the Brotherhood meant to hold them together. The impact of such characters on society was likely to be remarkable. After the dissolution of the Brotherhood, each,



Dr. Temple's Successor at York

The Rt. Rev. Cyril Garbett, Bishop of Winchester, is shortly to succeed Dr. Temple, the recently nominated Archbishop of Canterbury, as Archbishop of York. This picture of Dr. Garbett was taken at his home at Wolvesey, Winchester, which he will be leaving in the near future. Walking has always been a favourite recreation, and twice a year it is Dr. Garbett's custom to walk through his diocese, staff in hand, wearing a purple cassock. His spaniel is one of his most faithful companions.

solitary (though, at the same time, irritably, affectionately or sometimes morbidly aware of the others) pursued an ideal of his own. The lapsed Brethren never forgot each other.

Rossetti, who had more temperament than all the rest of them put together, was the stormy petrel; and was his own tragedy. Millais, returning to the Academy, made just those compromises the Brotherhood had forsworn. He took up fox-hunting, enjoyed the polite world, financial success and the smiles of the great. Time made Holman Hunt a fanatic: to ensure exact fidelity to his subjects, he lived a gaunt life, for years, in the Holy Land, and believed that he met the devil in his Chelsea studio. Woolner tried gold-digging in Australia, then returned to make a success of his portrait-plaques. Burne-Jones and William Morris, who had as Oxford undergraduates been fervent disciples of Rossetti's, became respectively a successful, sheltered aesthete, and a sturdy Thames-side craftsman, Icelandic traveller and experimental Socialist.

The design of *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* is admirable. With skill Mr. Gaunt has traced the pattern of these interwoven lives on through the Victorian decades. He has humour, and a fine sense of irony. He has also a pictorial style—the stolid Victorian background, with its contrasts, is entertainingly filled in. He shows a flair for interiors—how well he draws those high-minded homes, with pomegranates

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

AMONG the morass of snippets by which the B.B.C. hopes (fondly,

I suspect) to catch listeners of every kind and in every mood, one at least stands out as providing a good game for a sleepless night. I refer to "Desert Island Discs," which gives certain people the chance to tell the world just what gramophone records they would take with them if they were banished by fate to a lonely island for an indefinite period. Some of the items chosen are decidedly odd, but it takes all sorts to make a "swing" world, and my tastes are only very partially "swung."

This led me to making my own choice, and I was surprised to find how difficult it was! The first few were easy enough. Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Sixth came immediately to mind. Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto fell into its proper place as third on the list. The Prelude and the whole of the last act of *Tristan* jumped in fourth; hustled by whole chunks of Elgar. After which I hesitated. Each choice was so tremendously important, since one had to live with them indefinitely—and even best-beloveds cannot always survive that test!

All the same, as an alternative to counting sheep, the game provides an amusing variation. For why stop at music? What about pictures? What about books? What about human beings? Ah, there's the rub! Queen Elizabeth might be interesting to take a dish of tea with—but what about her when you happened to have a headache? Jane Austen might not prove so enchanting as her books.

By Richard King

Sir Thomas More might turn too moody and Charles Lamb would

always be hankering after a town. Shakespeare offers great possibilities, but Cleopatra would require far too much attention! I think, however, Nino de L'Enclos might be given an attic, and Dame Ellen Terry one key of the front door.

On the whole, however, I decided that as the association was to be lifelong, it would be safer to resurrect the Known, rather than the Unknown. Curiously enough, my choice stuck again! Four people practically invited themselves, and, for the fifth, I picked on a friend who is always so busy doing something that she never falls into that danger-zone of friendship which is known as "always following you about!"

Presently, I decided that an island was only a symbol. Why not be invisible in a crowded world, though seen and spoken to by the chosen eight? Now you can choose your own ideal house and put it into the ideal place and fill the garden with just the eight flowers of one's preference. So I stampered between Lake Como and Bath, between a village in Cornwall and a flat in Portland Place. I fell, so to speak, between roses and lilac for a fifth choice, scratching both out for the time being in favour of an apple-orchard in perpetual bloom with lambs playing beneath the trees. Or did I choose a sunlit wood carpeted in bluebells? I don't know!—simply because between them all I fell asleep!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



MacPherson-Rait — Carruthers

Captain Iain Prentice MacPherson-Rait, The Highland Light Infantry, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. MacPherson-Rait, of Brandon House, Ibroxholm, Glasgow, married Florence M'Leod Carruthers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Carruthers, of 32, Baronald Drive, Glasgow, at St. John's-Renfield Church of Scotland, Glasgow



Donn-Byrne — Bruce

Lieut. St. John Donn-Byrne, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, son of the late Brian Donn-Byrne, of Coolmain Castle, Co. Cork, and Mrs. M. M. Willoughby Craig, married Eugenia Benedicta Bruce, daughter of the late Major E. C. Bruce, and Mrs. Bruce, of 1, Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham, at St. Stephen's, Cheltenham



Griffith-Jones — McNair

Lieut. F. L. Guthrie Griffith-Jones, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Griffith-Jones, and Erica Valda McNair, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. McNair, of Beaconsfield, and Calcutta, were married at the Savoy Chapel



Lister-Kaye — Carter

John Christopher Lister-Kaye, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Lister-Kaye, of the Manor House, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Rugby, married Audrey Helen Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carter, of Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, at Westbury Parish Church



Kackley — McDougall

Lieut. John Kackley, Assistant Naval Attaché, U.S. Embassy, and Flora McDougall, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, were married at Sheldwick Parish Church



Whitson — Pitt

2nd Lieut. Harold Whitson, R.E., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Whitson, of Symington, Lanarkshire, married Rowena Pitt at the Savoy Chapel. She is the youngest daughter of the late G. S. Pitt, and Mrs. Pitt, of Broadlands, Warlingham



Gibbs — Devereux

Lieut. John Gibbs, R.I.N., son of the late E. Gibbs, and Mrs. Gibbs, of The Croft, Hanley Swan, Worcestershire, and Margaret Devereux, daughter of the late Dr. A. C. Devereux and Mrs. Devereux, of Great Malvern, were married at Christ Church, Malvern



How — Hughes-Onslow

Captain Robert Boothby How, The Black Watch, son of Captain and Mrs. W. F. How, of Balnacarron House, St. Andrews, Fife, married Virginia Hughes-Onslow, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Tunberry, Kirkoswald, Ayrshire, at the Parish Church of Kirkoswald



Byng-Maddick — Fryer

Captain C. D. Byng-Maddick, R.A.S.C., only son of Sq. Ldr. and Mrs. Strafford Byng-Maddick, of Zariba, Brighton, and Joan Fryer were married recently. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fryer, of Broadclyst, Maidenhead, Berks.

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 105)

In Robert Donat's new film, *Young Mr. Pitt*, he plays the part of George III., the "Farmer King," whose policy of agricultural reform was comparable with to-day's "Dig for Victory" campaign.

When this film and two others he has just completed (*Alibi* and *We Shall Rise Again*) are released, Lovell should progress to the star billing he deserves—the most recent memory of him is as the Nazi who crashed the aeroplane in *49th Parallel*.

Fun at Night

PEOPLE on leave all go out dancing, and one evening Lady Long of Wraxall was among those at a favourite night place. Also Miss Bunny Sutton, very pretty in a gay blouse and long skirt; Miss Lauretta Hope-Nicolson, looking very well and lively; Miss Ann Mackenzie, one of the admired young ladies; Miss Hermione Gingold, soon to reappear in a new revue with Hermione Baddeley and Walter Crisham; Sir John Philipps, always amusing; and Mr. Roderic Fenwick Owen, whose two sisters have the unusual names of Morveen and Guinness.

Discreet Spangles

THE idea of spangles is always associated with a specially pink shade of pink, but in the *Bagatelle*, against a background of browns and beiges, they seem more like genuine star-dust. Mr. Rico Dajou, who is to be remembered in Cannes, designed this smoothly-lit interior himself, and already has habitués among his clientele, which includes Lord Warwick, Prince Paul of Greece, the Egyptian Prince Lotfala, the Duchess of Westminster, Baron d'Eranger, Lord Poulett and his new Countess, Captain Cunningham-Reid, his hair in marvellous tiers of waves; Mrs. Cornelius, the Cuban Ambassador, Princess Nika Yourievitch, and Mr. Edward Hulton, proprietor of that flourishing young quartet, *Picture Post*, *Lilliput*, *Housewife* and *The Farmers Weekly*.

Birthday Party

MR. PETER DAUBENEY'S coming of age was a very grown-up date, with only a few of his contemporary Coldstreamers, and a lot of stage people, including Mr. Ivor Novello, cleverly bronzed-looking after a long English winter; Mr. Edward Cooper, who kindly played the piano, rather unheeded; Miss Hermione Baddeley, very mischievous-looking in red; Mr. Walter Crisham, pale and interesting; Miss Prudence Hymen, running around in a shiny flowered dress; and Miss Judy Campbell, like a charcoal drawing, with white face and black hair and a lovely black and white dress to match. Non-stage were the host's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Cyril Daubeney—he was Military Attaché in Brussels, Norway, Denmark and Sweden—his aunt, Mrs. Virginia Daubeney, Colonel Coates, Colonel of the Coldstream; Lady Barbara Gore, Lady Horlick, Lady Demetriadi in a red coat; Colonel and Mrs. Harry Norton, well known in the hunting and bloodstock-breeding worlds; Sir Kenneth Barnes, Mr. Beverley Nichols, tirelessly charming; Miss Ann Glass, full of sparkle with a flower in her hair; Major and Mrs. Richard Lutyens, Mr. Nicholas Mitsotakis, Mr. Glen-Abbey, Second Secretary to the U.S. Embassy; Lady Eleanor Smith, Mr. Kenneth Darran-Rew, Mr. William Armstrong of the Liverpool Repertory Company, and Mrs. Dudley Porter.



Photographed at the Ritz in the Spring Sunshine

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, R.N.V.R., was with Miss Patricia Wood. Commander Locker-Lampson is the Member for the Handsworth Division of Birmingham. He is the son of Frederick Locker, the poet, and grandson of Sir Curtis Lampson, who received his baronetcy for services rendered as deputy chairman of the Atlantic Telegraph Company of 1865

Lady Diana Duff Cooper arrived alone. She is an aunt of the Duke of Rutland, and married in 1919 the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper. Mr. Duff Cooper, former Minister of State with Cabinet rank in the Far East, arrived home in this country with Lady Diana by plane on February 16th, having left Singapore on January 13th during a daylight air raid

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

on the wall-paper and chairs so hard you could hardly sit down on them!

Feminine Element

IN the main, the Pre-Raphaelites' married lives were happy. But Rossetti was a fated and fatal man. Of the tragic and complex relation he had with Elizabeth Siddal—she was not the only victim, as time proved; on Rossetti the effects were far-reaching. The climax of the grim story was the exhumation of his poems from her grave. His succeeding restlessness and morbidity induced his drug-habit—and were increased by it. . . . Poor "Lizzie's" is not the only face immortalised in the Rossetti pictures; beautiful, calm Jane Morris was also to pose for her husband's friend. After his wife's suicide, Rossetti's mistress-model, the voluptuous Fanny, remained an influence in his life. His friends all deplored Fanny; no one could get her out. She ended by keeping an hotel in Jermyn Street, with a Rossetti gallery as a side-line.

A Winner

"HEADS YOU LOSE," by Christianna Brand (*The Bodley Head*; 7s. 6d.), is as pretty a tale of terror as I have read for years. And when I say pretty I mean pretty—the dialogue could not be more vivacious, the characters more full of erratic charm. Pendock, the bachelor squire, and his guests—the twins Fran and Venetia, their grandmother, Venetia's husband and the annoying James—more than stand up to horrific occurrences; they face these with a poise and a witty saneness that makes one admire them.

Even Asiz, the dachshund shared by Fran and Venetia, remains stylish throughout. "Yes," someone replies to the local spinster, who reproaches the twins for keeping a German dog in wartime, "as a matter of fact, he came down on a parachute, disguised as a Church of England clergyman." As Miss Morland had been the rector's daughter, this was perhaps just a trifle sharp. But the Pigeonsforde, etc., house-party had had much to put up with from Miss Morland—whose corpse makes grisly trouble before the end.

In the course of six months, three headless women were to be found about Pendock's grounds. And on one of the heads is perched Fran's new little lovely hat—the hat at which Miss Morland had lately sneered. The other victims—but why should I spoil a story in which suspense is preserved, with a supreme skill, to the end? I shall only say that in *Heads You Lose*, that displeasing callousness that not only disfigures many detective stories, but makes their atmosphere unreal, is notably absent. The characters feel—and one feels with them. Only in Miss Ngaio Marsh's *Surfeit of Lampreys* do I remember feeling so deeply anxious that not one of the charming caste should be a murderer. Yet, as investigations proceed, the net of suspicion tightens. The atrocities, it becomes evident, cannot be the work of an outside hand. I could hardly bear it. Yet, having borne it, I sat down and read the novel right through again.

Enterprise

MR. MAURICE COLLIS'S *The Great Within* was an outstanding book of some months ago. He now reappears, I am glad to say, with *British Merchant Adventurers*—one of the latest additions to the Britain in Pictures series (Collins; 4s. 6d.). His six adventurers make an interesting pendant to the story of Hernán Cortés—reviewed last week. Here is the British as opposed to the Spanish method. Mr. Collis traces the British expansion that started in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—immediately after the Armada's defeat had called a halt to the Spanish power.

The Spanish and Portuguese acquisitive expeditions had been, as Mr. Collis shows, State-planned. But the viewing, then mapping out, then gradual acquisition of territories that were to form part of the British Empire, were the work of individual enterprise. Financed and lightly armed by London merchant companies, the early British adventurers remained, in the last issue, free-lances, their own masters, taking their own risks. They were traders—or would-be traders. But fantastic tales of the wealth of the Orient inspired them to daring as well as greed.

Ralph Fitch, the Elizabethan, was not discouraged by a brush with the Portuguese Inquisition on his first voyage: he made Burma, established trade there, admired four white elephants and returned with information that led to the founding of the East India Company. Sir Thomas Roe (1580-1644) was the Company's merchant-ambassador in India. He found the grandees of the Mogul Empire as hard to dress up as they were to treat with. Samuel White (1650-1689) was an "interloper"—i.e., worked for a company that contested the East India Company's monopoly: against all comers he played a daring game in Siam.

The story of Clive in India is retold here with a brief effectiveness. The young Scot, Mungo Park (1771-1806), having undertaken to trace the course of the Niger, rode into the interior of Africa wearing a top hat and smart blue coat: he had to trade his umbrella quite early on. Sir Stamford Raffles's founding of Singapore in 1819 makes the last chapter of this remarkable book.

The coloured and black-and-white illustrations—as always in this series—are things of beauty, imaginatively chosen, well reproduced. Really, the Britain in Pictures series should ornament one's house, as well as filling one's mind.



AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Form and Substance

TO professional form-fillers-in and flash lawyers, all things are possible. To others, less and less becomes possible. I have always admired the person who can understand forms and talk to Civil Servants in their own language, countering obscurity with obscurity, setting fuddle against muddle, and so mingling and mangling the minutiae as to destroy all thought and meaning. Now my admiration for this type of gifted person has increased.

A good deal was said about aircraft production in the debate upon production in the House of Commons and a good deal more has been said since. If I read the remarks that were made aright, it seems that the man who wants to make aircraft or aero engines must be aided by the man who can cope with forms and official inquiries if he is to achieve his aim. To create statistical information is almost as great as to create aeroplanes.

Constructing companies must set up considerable departments to deal with forms and formalities; they must employ experts, take over offices, hire typists, conduct inquiries, keep records, use files and tabulate, note, check, return and collate with unflagging ardour. To be able to quote a reference of twenty-seven figures, four strokes and nineteen letters, some capitals and some not, is the acme of productivity beside which the making of a number of aircraft parts is almost forgotten.

Systems

THERE is, as I have said, a type of mind which revels in a good contest of entanglement and which can quote authorities and engage with zest in the phraseological spaghetti-throwing that characterises so much official correspondence. This person to-day can obtain everything he wants. But woe to the "rude mechanical," to the man who makes things with hand or brain. He is ordinarily not capable of tortuous expression and he cannot cope with the formal utterances of Whitehall. They get him down. They exasperate him. He cannot understand why he should be asked to grope for the meaning of obscure printed inquiries on forms which never give the right amount of space for the answers.

It is, of course, an eternal contest, this between the entangled bureaucrat and the simple worker. The Civil Servant must have his records. Yet at this intense and critical moment in our history it is wise to support so strongly the form-filler-in and to subordinate the worker to him? I am told on the best authority that aircraft production could be put up by 25 per cent., and that the first need to obtain that improvement is to release the constructor from the burden of forms and inquiries and sanctions.

Great Stories

AFTER every war and sometimes during wars, stories go the rounds of fantastic officialism. They are occasionally excruciatingly funny. In fact, I would place bureaucratic bungling as one of the mainsprings of English humour. Like the famous case of the consignment of mattresses for the Royal Flying Corps that spent the entire period of the war of 1914-18 travelling backwards and forwards along a comparatively short length of railway line in the heart of England, the stories nearly all depend for their point on the expenditure of a vast amount of energy in achieving nothing.

It seems to me that a good deal of improvement could be obtained in the national structure we have created for the production of aircraft if the advice of some of those statistical experts in the great motor-car and oil companies were obtained.

In peacetime some motor-car makers and oil companies had remarkable statistical departments which could put their finger on any piece of information at a moment's notice. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had a department which was a model of what such things should be. But they got their results by means which were carefully studied so as not to exasperate works managers or superintendents or workers by the constant asking of involved questions or by the widespread scattering of forms.

Mechanised war demands mechanised statistical methods and a mechanised Whitehall. The printed form is, of course, an attempt at mechanisation, but one which has been badly botched. Things would be simplified and speeded up if all printed forms were scrapped.

Name Them

MEANWHILE, one thing which will assist the production of aircraft and aero-engines has been done. The names of British machines taking part in Royal Air Force operations are being mentioned more often in the communiqués. There seems, as yet, no rule about the procedure and perhaps that is as well. But certainly the composition of some of the forces which have taken part in the big raids on Germany have been given by the Air Ministry.

This is a step in the right direction. For it is natural—as I pointed out when I urged this action on the authorities—that the workman should be keen to know what effect his work is having on the waging of the war. A man who is engaged on making Stirlings, for example, is interested and encouraged to know that the Royal Air Force has struck hard at the enemy using these machines.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

JACKSON missed his train the other evening, so he went to have his hair cut to while away the time till the next train left. When he entered the barber's shop he was in no amiable frame of mind. "Cut it without conversation," he growled, as he took his place in the chair. "Don't want any hair restorer, scalp invigorator, dandruff eradicator, face lotion, or anything else. I don't interest myself in boxing, racing or football. As regards the weather—"

Here a customer nudged Jackson's elbow.

"You'll have to write it down on his slate," he said. "He's deaf and dumb."

A COMMERCIAL traveller called at a village to do business. Needing a shave, he went to the local barber.

The barber, noticing that his customer seemed fairly well-to-do, charged him two shillings, which he paid reluctantly. Then, not to be outdone, the traveller commented on the enormous number of flies which were buzzing round, and the barber said he had tried every possible means to get rid of the pests.

"Give me half a crown," said the traveller, "and I guarantee to tell you a remedy that will clear your shop in no time."

The barber argued about the price for a minute or two, but eventually he paid.

"Now," said the customer, opening the door, "catch one of those flies, shave him, charge him two shillings, and you'll never see another fly or anything else in your shop again."

He closed the door behind him as the barber collapsed.



"Does this one hurt me, dear?"

THE following story is taken from "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

M.P.s and others who propose a maximum charge of 3s. 6d. for restaurant meals remind me of the man who ordered a Manhattan cocktail at the Holland House in New York at a time when that place was the last word in hotel equipment and decoration.

When he put down 10 cents in payment the bartender coldly informed him that the price was 25 cents. The customer protested that 10 cents was the charge for a Manhattan all over New York.

When the manager was sent for he explained that the customer had thrown in with his cocktail, the artistic pleasure of seeing the pictures, tapestries and other luxurious appointments of the Holland House.

The customer next day appeared again, gave the same order and after drinking his cocktail, tendered the same humble coin. "Didn't I tell you the price was 25 cents?" said the indignant bartender.

"That's all right," was the cool reply. "I saw the pictures yesterday."

"SAH," said Rastus, the coloured servant, "dey's a man outside who wants to see you 'bout collectin' a bill. He wouldn't give his name."

"What does he look like?" asked his employer.

"He looks lak you better pay it," came the reply.

Waste Paper for Warships

Every town in the country has a Warship Week. Money is needed for warships—so is paper. One hundred tons of paper are used in the planning and building of every battleship. It is used for charts, preliminary drawings and log-books, for engine gaskets, wallboard, gun-fuses and a hundred other essentials. Let your waste paper, as well as your money, help to replace the tragic losses of our Navy.



Men's clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Opinions differ regarding the amount of time to be spent in the cultivation of beauty. Nevertheless, all will agree with Elizabeth Arden (25 Old Bond Street) that the skin must be kept healthy and absolutely clean. Pride of place must be given to the Ardena Healing Cream: it is very soothing when the skin becomes irritated, inflamed, or dry through working long hours in an overheated atmosphere. Furthermore, it may be used to massage the skin and keep it supple. Again there is the Acne Lotion which has a very beneficial effect in overcoming inflamed tissues and preventing the trouble from spreading. It has been known to bring instant relief in cases of a troublesome rash caused by fish poisoning. Neither must the special Eye Lotion be overlooked—men and women in the Services whose professional duties strain the eyes cannot say too much in its favour



It is in the summer that women like to have at least one linen tailored suit. Therefore, H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street, with their usual flair for knowing just what is wanted, have assembled in their salons a collection of linen jumper suits which are admirably tailored. One is pictured above, a very important feature of it being the unpressed lapels, at the base of which appears neat pockets. As will be seen, the sleeves are short, and there is a hint of fullness in the basque: this increases the life of the suit. For those who need something warmer there are striped flannel ones. Simplicity is the characteristic feature of everything here. Outfits for men and women in the Services have received every consideration



Accessories are ever so important during war time as they are of great assistance in giving a dress a new lease of life. For instance, the grey opossum coat on the left is particularly attractive and useful. As a matter of fact women will study it instead of the dress which, perhaps, may be rather the worse for wear. The coat comes from the Molho Salons, 5 Duke Street, Manchester Square, and, such a pleasant surprise, the cost is only 12 guineas. The hat which accompanies it is from the Molho salons hat department—a part of this firm's establishment which has only recently been opened. Reverting to the furs, there is a splendid assortment of long and hip-length opossum and other coats, all representing wonderful value



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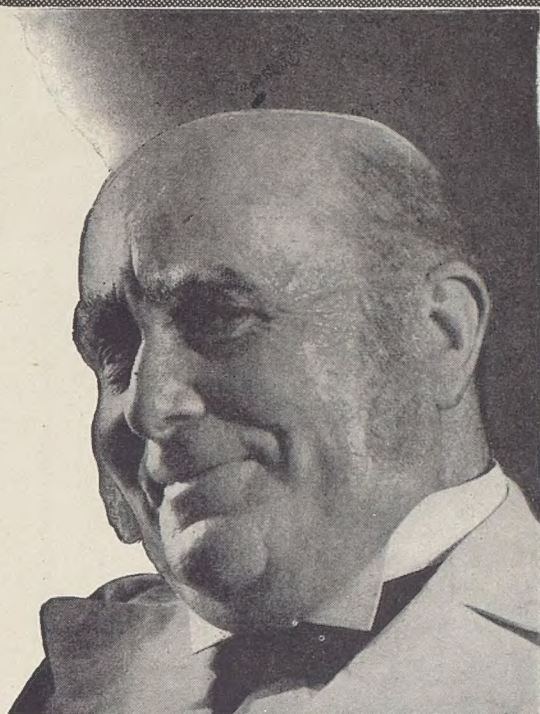
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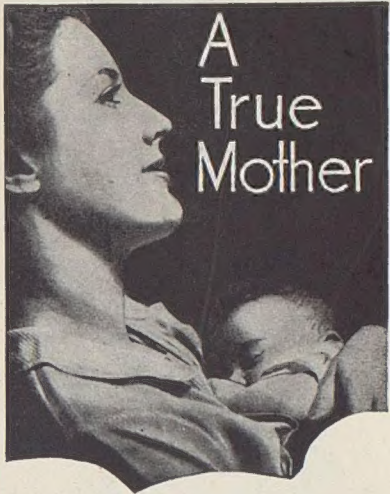


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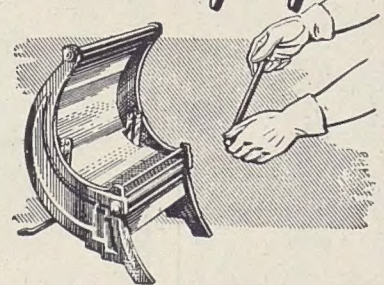
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